

NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

Copyrighted, 1885, by The Frank Queen Publishing Company (Limited).

Founded by
FRANK QUEEN, 1853.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

VOLUME XXXIII—No. 31.
Price 10 Cents.

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY W. R. BARBER.

Not I, for one, miss in my country walks
The fresh young charms of Summer passed away,
The bright-hued blooms now withered on their
stalks.

Amid this efflorescence of decay,
That bounteous Autumn drapes the woods withal,
Each sylvan path with garlands overhead,
Enwreathing, and embalming, as they fall,
With spicy odors all her leafy dead.

What mortal limber ever could evoke
Such gorgeous contrasts, such rare depths of hue,
As these which the chestnut, maple, oak
And silvery ash the woodland path bestrew
Of this vast face, work of the Master's hand,
In majesty proclaiming Him who wrought,
Inviting me who tread these cloisters grand,
To serious self-communing, reverent thought.

The mottled woodpecker, that industrious sprite,
Makes of yon hollow trunk a mellow drum;
The hungry pigeons here arrest their flight,
And eat their acorns with a sonorous hum.
You hear anon the distant blithe tattoo
The partridge beats upon the fallen tree,
And mark those bright-eyed elves, the squirrels, too,
Keeping aloft their Autumn jubilee.

The robins are in solemn conclave met,
The weighty point discussing whether they
Shall spread their feathery sails for "Dixie" yet,
Or else postpone it till the first cold day.
And if you look through yonder leafy screen,
A scarlet crest from a small hole poked forth
You'll notice, and conclude from what you've seen
That Senor Higold has not yet fled the North.

These lovely sunsets, too! What glorious tints
Glow in the path of the descending sun,
That as it sinks each village window glints
With tongues of flame from Plato's forge-fire won.
Hail to the Autumn! Empress of the year!
To thee the palm for loveliness I give,
And while thy wondrous beauties linger here
I feel 'tis ecstasy to breathe, to live.

A VISION OF SUDDEN DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

On Friday evening, June 20, 1884, I kissed my
sweetheart good-bye under the friendly shade of the
trees which hung low and protectingly over the
rural lane where we had lingered long that lovely
moonlight night.

The trees seemed like guardian giants to us, and
the lane like a bit of the road to Paradise, for it was
under those same branches, and between the
flowery borders of that same dewy lane, that I had
asked someone the most important question a man
can ask, and had heard a very low answer, but a
very satisfactory one, from a very sweet and dainty
pair of lips. All that was "ages ago," to wit—in
the May just gone; we all live rapidly in this age
and land, you know.

The scene was a beautiful one in itself; seen
through lovers' eyes it was perfect. Looking up the
lane toward the moonlight, there was the home
where Carrie had spent her young life, a rambling
farmhouse, old and weather-stained, with thickets
and shrubbery all about it. A pleasant home; a home
any woman might have been proud and happy to
cling to. Is it any wonder I was proud and happy
in my turn, knowing that the dearest little woman
in the world would leave it all for me?

Looking down the lane, toward the shadows,
the road grew rough and rugged and dusty. It was as
different from the other view as the outside world
is from home. And that way my steps must go
that night, for beyond lay the little village, which
seemed like the beginning of the busy world; and
the railroad station, with its iron track leading away
into the half gloom and mystery of Summer night.

I looked up the lane again, toward her home.
There was a shadowy form dimly outlined on the
plazza; a form which seemed to have one fiery eye
blazing at us through the darkness; a form which
was really my prospective father-in-law, smoking
his cigar. One more kiss, then I hurried away.
Business made it necessary that I should be in the
city, fifty miles away, every day. There was only
one train in during the night. That one train was
in just fifteen minutes. It was a mile to the station.
I walked fast, never looking back, though I knew
Carrie was watching me, and would follow me
lovingly with her eyes until darkness and the drooping
trees hid me from view.

The road was rough. Here a stone seemed to
have pressed forward into the path, and to be lying
in wait for heedless feet; there a gnarled root from
a neighboring tree stretched out as though to grasp
one. The leaves were laden with dew, and the many
teams which had passed (for I had soon passed
beyond the limits of the farm), and the air
seemed hot and cloying. Some night bird rushed
across my track with a wild and unearthly cry. I
was glad when I reached the station; there seemed
to be the shadow of coming evil about me. The
train was late.

I waited one hour patiently, walking up and down
the platform, and smoking, and smoking. I waited
a second hour, less patiently, coming into the waiting-
room now and listening to the conversation of
those who were to be my fellow-passengers on the
train. I took no part in the conversation; I only
listened; I tried to avoid doing that; it was certainly
dreary and uninteresting enough—neighborhood
gossip and scandal. I dozed a little, after a time,
awaking with a start.

"Jim was down to-day," was the first sentence I
heard as I came back to the waking world. The
speaker was a young fellow who probably lived
near by, judging by his dress and appearance.

"No," said his companion doubtfully.

"He was. I seen him myself," asserted the first
speaker.

"How'd he look?" asked the second man.

"Oh, pretty tolerable. This has been rough on
Jim though, ha! ha!"

"Well, I should remark! Do you think he'll
stand it?"

"No, sir, I don't. There's going to be fun by-and-
bye, or I miss my guess. You just remember what
I say."

Then I dropped to sleep again, slipped down into
a most uncomfortable position, and woke with a
jerk. I don't know whether I had slept many min-
utes or only a few seconds.

"What's his name?" asked one of the men near
me.

"Rupert Larimore, or something like that. I
never saw him; did you?"

"Never. Never want to, neither. Carrie Jones is
a fool, I think. If Jim—"

I said no more. We heard the whistle of the
belated train; we hurried out upon the platform.
Two minutes later we were all aboard and the train
had started. The dawn had come. The east was
flushed and bright. But a man came hurrying

down the dark road over which I had come earlier,
and his head could not have been greater than all
the heads he had seen. Hatless and coatless,
panting and pallid, the hair tangled all about his
face, he was, indeed, a sorry sight. Clad in the
roughest of garments, one could hardly tell whether
to call him a tramp or not. He swung himself
about the last car, fell into rather than sat down
in a seat, and sat there shrinking and cowering as
though in mortal terror.

I confess to curiosity; I confess to interest in this
strange-looking man. But there were other things
to demand my thought. What was it to me that the
other passengers stared at him in wonder? What
was it to me that the conductor passed him with a
smile and a nod, although he looked shocked and
puzzled? I had something else to think of.
For—Carrie Jones was my promised wife!
And—my name is Rupert Larimore!

II.

It was ten o'clock A. M. on Saturday, June 21, 1884.
I had taken a bit of breakfast at a restaurant. I
had dipped my hot and tired head into a basin of
cold water. Then I had dashed down to the office
where I was employed. I had been in season to
open and answer the letters. Business was a little
dull, and I had even found time to write a little note
to "Miss Carrie Jones, Farmington," before the boy
was ready to take the morning's mail to the post-
office. Then I had leisure, and took up the morn-
ing's papers. Before I had time to read a word my
friend Brown came in.

"Terrible, isn't it?" he asked.

"What? What do you mean? I have heard nothing."

"The paper is full of it; murder, you know, the
most terrible thing for months!"

I picked up the daily from our nearest large city,
and began to turn it over.

"Not that," cried Brown, "not that. For once the
dailies are behind. It's in our own weekly paper—
in *The Eagle*. Good-morning!" And Brown hurried
out and walked rapidly up the street.

I laid down the great daily. I picked up *The
Eagle*. Its date was Saturday, June 21, 1884. On
the first page there were advertisements, market
reports, some rather stale political reading, some in-
nocent miscellaneous matter; nothing very new;
nothing startling at all; nothing—unless—yes, I
found it at last, the most horrible of news, the most
terrible of tidings: "John Jones was killed last
night!"

Only a line! A short line! Six little words! But
I thought of the broken life of the woman I loved;
of the agony and terror she had been compelled to
undergo, and of the honest life which had gone out
so suddenly.

You see, John Jones was Carrie Jones' father!
"John Jones was killed last night!"

Did you ever feel your heart shrink under some

single cruel line of print? Did you ever feel a fren-
zied fascination in reading the words over again
and again while they burned themselves slowly into
your brain? If you have, I need not attempt to ex-
plain how I felt; if not, I could not make you un-
derstand it, no matter how much I should try.

I laid the paper down. There might be more in-
side. I did not open the paper to see; I could read
no more just then. I could not bear it yet. Terri-
ble! I wondered if my friend Brown guessed how ter-
rible this news could be to one who was interested in
it as I was? How hot the office seemed! How close
the walls seemed! I gasped for breath. "Murder!"
I said the word aloud. Then I growled another un-
der my breath—strange I had been so long in think-
ing of it—"Vengeance!" Vengeance! Yes—for all
the pangloss had felt; most of all, for the terror and
sorrow that had fallen upon my promised wife. I
called the office-boy, put him in charge of things
and went out upon the street. Where should I go
for information? Where but to *The Eagle* office?

I started in that direction.

There were knots of people all along the streets.
Volatile enough, with loud voices and emphatic
gestures, as I approached, they all grew silent as I
went by. "Was it out of respect for my grief? Were
the strange glances that fell upon me due to that
cause? I could not tell.

One man—more outspoken and reckless than the
rest—said something about lynching as I passed the
group in which he stood.

I laughed silently, a cruel, heartless, fiendish laugh,
a laugh of which I would not have deemed myself
capable yesterday.

"Lynching!" Why not? If my friends would
only help me—when I had found him—the murderer
should meet justice in the simplest and most primi-
tive way.

"Lynching!" Yes. By all things high and holy,
yes, I laughed again.

When I found the man. But suppose I never
found him? I looked up from my soliloquy. I was
at *The Eagle* office.

There was a curious and motly crowd at the door.
Reading over and over again the news upon the
bulletin-board.

I gave hardly more than a glance at the huge let-
ters which told of "The Farmington Tragedy!" I
hardly knew what it was I had to ask. But I walked
directly into the office.

Two men looked up at me as I passed. One
nudged the other with his elbow; the second looked
at me and nodded. Where had I ever seen them
before? Their faces looked strangely familiar, but
somehow I could not place them in memory.

The editor of *The Eagle* rose to meet me; the firm
for whom I worked was composed of very influen-
tial men and advertised heavily.

"Can you give me some partic—" I began, and
paused suddenly. Two very strange things hap-
pened to cause it. The first was the sudden mem-

ory that the two men outside were the men whose
talk had interrupted my soliloquy at Farmington
Station last night. "There's going to be fun by-and-
bye!" seemed thundering in my ears, utterly inap-
propriate and out of place though it seemed.

The second thing was—my eyes fell upon the man
who had boarded our train at Farmington
station after it had started. He sat at one of the
desks, writing rapidly and nervously. He was very
pale and evidently troubled, though much of the
wildness of the early morning was gone from his
looks and actions. His hair had been trimmed,
and was carefully brushed. He had been shaved.
He wore clean and fresh clothing. But his eyes
were wild-looking, and his hand trembled yet.

Is it any wonder I paused, and began again in my
question to the editor?

Memory's voice seemed to mock the present.
"Carrie Jones is a fool, I think. If Jim—"

Where did he come from? I asked the next question,
and tried to ask it calmly.

"What is that man's name?" I asked.

"James Grooder," said the editor.

"How long has he worked for you?"

"Three months."

"Where did he come from?"

"Farmington—or near there. But we shall not
send him down to look up this business. I under-
stand he has more enemies than friends there. In
fact, he's a sullen and moody fellow, and has few
friends anywhere. A good enough fellow when he
lets liquor alone; a hard worker, a —"

I broke in with another question, leaning over and
whispering to the editor:

"When do you print your paper?"

He looked several things at me—the wonder he
felt at the question, the wonder he felt at the inter-
est I took in Grooder, the wonder, with a bit of re-
sentment, perhaps, at the freedom with which I was
prying into his business. He answered me civilly,
though, after a moment's hesitation:

"We print the outside Friday evening, the inside
Saturday morning," he said.

"Friday evening"—that was what he had said.
"Friday evening" and the outside page had an-
nounced that "John Jones was killed last night."

"Friday evening"—and I had seen John Jones alive
just before midnight. The whole case was clear
and plain to me; James Grooder loved Carrie, my
Carrie, and had killed her father to revenge himself
upon her; he had written the tell-tale line in ad-
vance of the event upon which he had determined;
and fate had delivered him into my hands. The
population of our city was like a powder-magazine
that morning or like a magazine of dynamite,
mather. I had only to step to the door and shout the
truth down the street, the answer would come sur-
ging back quicker than the echo could, and the an-
swer would be a resistless mass of fierce and strong
and determined and merciless men.

James Grooder had carried desolation to the heart

of one I loved better than anyone else in the world.
And I had James Grooder's life in my hands.

III.

I had James Grooder's life in my hands. How I
gloried over it. I walked to the door of the printing-
office. How bright and sunny the day was! There
was a large oak tree a hundred yards away; its
leaves seemed to dance and beckon; there was one
strong branch, almost horizontal, ten feet from the
ground; what a convenient place to do justice! God
forgive me, I laughed. I went down one step. The
crowd had grown. The man who had talked of
lynching, far down the street, when I passed, was
almost at the door. The two men whose conversa-
tion had grown to mean so much to me were close
at his side. The occasion was ripe for vengeance.

But I hesitated.

Do you know what is required to lynch a man?
Unreasoning brutality. The savage instincts of
humanity let loose for a time to do their worst. A
mad thirst for blood. A wild frenzy that is directed
by the most trivial of circumstances. One thing for
which I give thanks every night is that I never
opened my lips to call such power to aid me.

I went down another step. Several moved aside
to let me pass. I was respected in the city in which
I lived, although I had not resided there long.

I had the power for vengeance. Still I hesitated.

"Terrible, isn't it?" asked one of the men who had
talked of "Jim."

"Terrible," I answered, "especially to one who
knew the man as well as I did."

"You—you knew him?" gasped the man in-
credulously.

I went down another step.

"Certainly," I said.

"He knew him," said the one to whom I had
spoken.

"He knew him?" "He knew him!" "He knew
him!" was passed along through the gaping crowd.

I started to go down the last step. My foot
slipped. Some hand—some friendly hand—was
stretched out toward me. There were a rush, a
crush, a jam. A dozen hands were upon me.

"He knew him!" howled someone on the out-
skirts of the crowd on one side. "Lynch him!"
shrieked someone on the border of the mob on the
other side.

I was knocked down. I was trampled upon. I
was roughly dragged to my feet. My clothing was
torn. My face was bruised and bleeding. The hu-
man cyclone had come—at last—and I was to be the
victim.

A hundred yards to the tree; they were as quick-
eyed as I had been.

A hundred yards of torture. A hundred yards of
dust. A hundred yards of blood.

It did not take long.

I stood beneath the limb on which I had, in fancy,
seen James Grooder hung; the thick branches shut
out the sun; I was as cold as death in the deadly
shade.

The rope was round my neck. A dozen pairs of
willing hands were at the other end. The leader of
mob, "say it at once. You have just sixty seconds
to live."

"I've this to say. You've mistaken the man. The
real murderer is —"

The leader waved his hand.

"That'll do," he said; "we want no lying here.
Haul away, boys."

I cast a frenzied glance over the crowd. There
was James Grooder, just outside the circle of self-ap-
pointed executioners, writing with the fierce haste
of your true and never-too-much astonished re-
porter. The sky was bright. Life was sweet. I
thought of my friends—of Carrie. She would know
—she would be sure that I never lifted my hand
against her father. Knowing that, I could bear to
die.

The first man who moves an inch with that rope
dies."

It was my friend Brown who came through the
crowd, a very small and insignificant-looking re-
volver in his hand, but with those sturdy words upon
his lips.

He stood by my side until the crowd melted slowly
away. He faced men as well armed as himself, he
had only two advantages—two advantages which
made him a match for them all—he meant exactly
what he said, and he had right on his side.

One by one they drew away. One by one, until
there were only Brown and I left; Brown and I—
and the reporter.

James Grooder came forward and tried to inter-
view me. I've heard him claim since that it was
his first and only failure in that line.

How I longed to denounce him. How sore I felt
that while I had found one defender he would find
none. Possibly that was what deterred me. Lynch-
ing—like almost everything else—appears different
according to your point of view.

I gained some
very new and valuable ideas regarding life and
death, law and justice, while standing under that
venerable tree before Brown came. It's vastly
better to make a thousand mistakes on the side of
mercy than on the other way; law makes mistakes
enough, when it goes at human error with its own
slow and dignified gravity—how much more likely
is passion in its frenzied haste to do it. Circum-
stantial evidence is hardly safe at any time. It
surely isn't safe in the hands of a mob.

I went away with Brown.

A dozen rods down the street I turned to him.

"Grooder's the guilty man," I said.

Brown turned back. I regret to say he swore.

"If that's the case —" he began.

I laid my hand upon his arm.

"None of that," said I. "None of that. You haven't
taken your last look at life through a noose within
the last half-hour as I have, and you've no idea
what an unpleasant sensation it is. Grooder will
have to hang in due course of law, and I confess
I'm sorry for him."

I suppose the various kinds of emotion are re-
sponsible to like treatment. The tears came into
my eyes; Brown threw back his head and laughed.

We went to see the conductor of the train on which
I came from Farmington. Our city was the end of
a division, and the conductor's home was there.

Did James Grooder come from Farmington on
your train last night?" I asked.

"Certainly. You must have noticed I did not col-
lect ticket or fare from him. He always travels on
a pass."

"Did you notice anything strange about him?"

"Well, no, not for him. He seemed pretty drunk,
that was all."

Then, noticing our grave looks, he asked:

"You don't think he is concerned in that murder,
do you?"

"I feel certain he is guilty," I replied.

IV.

I swore out a warrant. We went with the Sher-
iff when he served it. It was evening again.

"You know what has happened?" asked the
Sheriff.

Grooder was very pale, but perfectly calm and
composed.

"Certainly," he said.

"It is my duty to arrest you," said the officer.
"To—to arrest me? You surely cannot think I
had anything to do with his escape? I knew just

MARIE WILLOUGHBY died in New Bedford, Mass., 5, as was known in Variety News.

JOHN BOSTON, notified himself B. F. French, assistant manager of the Bijou Theatre Co., that William Hayes, manager of that troupe—a small organization based at Manchester, N.H., or consumption, had been the death of the deceased until we receive contradictory news.

MRS. JOSEPHINE C. LOGAN, a well known music teacher of Boston, died Sept. 12 at her home in that city. She was born in Connecticut, and after singing opera in Europe for several years, returned to this country where she lived for many years in England and in South America. We believe she was married to Henry C. Logan, a pianist, of Boston, Mass.

GEORGE H. JORDAN, a classical scholar and noted author, died Sept. 10, at his home in Cambridge, at Blackstone, Mass.

JOHN RICHARD CARTER, for many years manager of the Lyceum Theatre, Westfield, Garder Surrey theatre, etc., London, Eng., died Sept. 28, aged 34.

JOHN C. CURTIS' death was also known in Variety News.

The death of the Burris is referred to in Circus News.
For Continuation of Show News see Page 491

JOHN C. CURTIS' death is made known in Val Gossip.

THE death of Ike Burris is referred to in Circus News.

For Continuation of Show News see Page 491

THE death of Ike Burris is referred to in *Circus News*.

THE death of Ike Burris is referred to in *Circus News*.

THE death of Ike Burris is referred to in *Circus News*.

to "Why?" "Got a job as skating-rink professor."
"Better job?" "No. Better chance to pick
girl."

NEW GAGS FROM OLD CHESTNUTS WILL GROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

King Solomon once said to one of his friends: "There is nothing new under the sun." But the friend was remiss in neglecting to state if "His Nibs" was in earnest or fun. However it was, there is one thing that's sure. And history proves it is so—No matter where planted, they're certain to thrive—New "gags" from old "chestnuts" will grow.

Take a moth-eaten chestnut, B. C. 53. Lay it out for a while in the sun—If it does not get chilled, in an hour or so it will hop on its pins, and will run all over the place like Canada thistles. It don't take much to make it "go." Fix it up just a bit, and it'll waggle you'll say: "New gags" from old "chestnuts" will grow.

A gray-whiskered chestnut, bald-headed and lame, that during the War served its time. Have it shaved and shampooed, and give it a bath. And then dress it up rather prime—If in any new play or in any "first part" You "spring it," you'll hear them "Bravo!" "First-nighters" will steal it—you'll laugh as you say: "New gags" from old "chestnuts" will grow.

The world is a chestnut, and we're chestnuts, too. And some of us hard nuts to crack. We keep giving chestnuts to all of our friends. While they keep on giving them back. They flatter themselves that their chestnuts are fresh. We've proved ours are quite comme il faut—We both smile in our sleeve, and think we believe New "gags" from old "chestnuts" will grow.

DORR GOOFT.

NOTES OF A LEADER OF ORCHESTRA.

BY CHARLES CONNOLLY.

Here is a sample of newspaper item we get very frequently lately:

"At the—Theatre last night a fearful panic (and probable loss of life) was averted by the coolness and presence of mind of the popular actor James Bluff. A part of the scenery caught fire, and the audience were about to rush out, when Bluff, with an assuring gesture, motioned the orchestra to play, and the house was quieted while the fire was promptly subdued."

It appears, then, that all an actor has to do in a case of this kind is to signal the orchestra to play. It doesn't seem, at first glance, a particularly intrepid and danger-defying act, and all those actors who are continually studying up how to be firm, collected and useful in trying occasions, to the end that their brave deeds may be properly blazoned to the world, would do well to digest this matter, and keep themselves always in a position to be able to boldly signal the orchestra on the necessary provocation.

To be sure, an actor might do more good were he to smother an incipient fire, or throw water, or tear down the proper things; but as it appears to be customary to speak not so much of the practical party who does put out the fire as of the party who thoughtfully starts the music, why, certainly, a due regard for what the public must be taken into consideration by the item-loving Thespian. In order that unanimity of purpose may exist in the band during a trying moment of excitement of this kind, and that a conglomeration of "sudden" music of any kind may not be wildly "pulled" on the fire, and the audience it might be well for leaders to have an extra number added to their dramatic-music books, marked "In Case of Fire," and this music, it may not be necessary to remark, should be soothing and restraining to a large degree.

There is but one thing in this connection that causes uneasiness. If the fire should thoughtlessly begin to break out while the orchestra was playing, I do not see where the actor's chance would come in. He surely couldn't stop the orchestra. What would he do? Just the luck some actors would have.

They'd be "put out"—if the fire wasn't. I really see no way, in the event of an occurrence like the above, to quiet the audience. I suppose the fire would have to burn, the audience have to be "panicky," and some unlucky James Bluff be "left" as usual.

And speaking of theatrical fires and cleanings out leads us to observe that there are some particular portions of the theatre devoted to performers that badly need a thorough and purifying burning.

We allude to the majority of dressing-rooms and music-rooms throughout the country.

Even in what are considered well-kept theatres the accommodations in this respect are miserable, while in a large number of so-called opera-houses and town-halls, wherein the traveling company most prevails, the condition of the "rooms" allotted to the performers for dressing purposes is shameful.

In cold weather a lady is shown a miserable, dingy, dirty little imitation of a room, devoid of light or heat.

The partition is liable to be full of generous-sized peep-holes—natural and artificial.

In this bare and dusty space a lady is expected to undress, without fire, and with the pleasant prospect of having her "making-up" habits anxiously and feverishly gazed upon through the "vacancies" in the partition.

None but those who have traveled professionally would believe the indifference and neglect shown in this matter. The front of the house is well attended to, and the public's welfare carefully provided for, yet the proprietors of these "opera-houses" seem to give but little thought to the comfort or convenience of those whose entertaining powers are to produce the necessary pleasure and enjoyment—powers, by the-by, that would seem to be liable to a deal of change through the effect produced by comfortable or depressing surroundings.

If these proprietors would go up to their attic some cold night, search around for the most neglected corner, fence it up with planks sewed together with black thread, and then send their wives and daughters up there to dress, they would naturally be very soon in possession of excited information as to what human beings crave for in the trifling matter of necessary comfort and attention, and they would ever after think not too unkindly of the shivering little subterfuge whom they hear violently—and possibly profanely—aluding to the niggardly characteristics of owners of suburban "opera-houses" generally.

As to the matter of orchestra accommodation, the average and indeed almost every "music-room" is a dirty, wretched snare and delusion. Even in the best of these rooms with wooden benches around the sides and with whitewashed walls is supposed to constitute a practical "music-room"—a lonesome corner anywhere under the stage that suggests the dismantled barroom of a "dive."

Outside of metropolitan houses the music-room is a most damnable scheme. Very often it is no room at all, but a space formed by rolling away the dirt and debris of under-the-stage accumulations.

In this imaginary room the traveling-leader is often obliged to meet the local orchestra after the doors are opened in front; and, with all hands cramped, discontented and discouraged, the "rehearsal" must be waded through in the most expeditious manner.

But although dressing-rooms and music-rooms are thus apparently allowed to "grow" and get along the best way they can, it is worthy of remark that there are very often connected with these establishments some rather bright and well-appointed rooms in the front end of the building; but these belong to the proprietors—they are his offices; and in these offices there does not seem to have been any difficulty in getting stoves in, or keeping them alight in wintry weather, while it is a remarkable fact that stoves in or near a dressing-room never did know how to burn properly or last through the night without coal.

AN HOUR IN AN ACTRESS' LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY BART SMITH.

The lady who does the leading business in the following story is now one of our most brilliant luminaries in the theatrical firmament. In the days of which we write she was a member of one of the many itinerant companies that strolled from place to place. It was just after the War, and the "late unpleasantness" had rankled deeply in the hearts of some of the participants in that bloody internecine strife. Previous to the War, while in the South, Miss Multon (as we will call her) was greatly impressed by the gallant bearing and handsome features and form of one of the young planters, and after a short interval from their prior meeting they were wedded.

At the first gun he went into the Southern army and she came North, pursuing her vocation in one of the stock companies in one of the large cities. The result of the War not being just as her husband had wished and fought for, when he joined her after peace was established he was broken down in spirit and fortune and had become a very hard drinker. With what little money she had saved and he could scrape together, she organized a company to support her as the feature, and made a tour through the West.

They were successful, and money began to pile up in the treasury. As the exchequer increased in dimensions, so did his capacity for drink. From love to hatred is not such a big jump as many suppose, and it was not long before the members of the company remarked with what coldness and even disdain Miss Multon treated her husband. From a lover he became a drunkard, and she soon relegated him to the rear in managing her business and took hold of the reins of government herself.

Frequently she was heard to wish him "anywhere, anywhere under the sun, but out of her sight." Many times and oft did she complain of the "millstone round her neck," and she would weep again from the bonds of matrimony and the dreadful incubus of a drunkard. Spats, quarrels and young riots were of almost hourly occurrence between them, and she declared to several that she wished Heaven would be just and remove him from her path.

After the performance one night he came to her with his usual demand for "more money." She gave it to him, with the remark, in the hearing of several of the company: "Take it, and may it be your death."

That night was salary night, and we awaited her appearance at the hotel, where she gave us our envelopes. We noticed what a tired, weary look she had, and our sympathies were all with the ill-mated and hard-working woman.

She invited a few of us to a little luncheon which she had ordered to be ready in the dining room in an hour, and returned to her room and her accounts. She could not keep her mind on the figures, however, and, with a weary sigh, she let her head sink upon her arms, and then began a retrospect of her life. How long she remained in this study she never knew, but the door was noiselessly opened, and her husband, drunk and ugly, came into her room with his usual demand for "more money."

"Not a cent will I give you," said she. "I want money, and I'm going to have it," and she staggered over to the table whereon she had put up in little piles the receipts of the evening.

"Do not touch it, I warn you!" she exclaimed as she rushed between him and her hard-earned money.

"Stand aside! I must and will have it. Stand aside, I say, or as there's a Heaven above us, you'll regret it!"

"If you do not instantly leave this room I'll have you placed under arrest, you see, you worthless dog, you!"

"Take care, don't go too far, my dear wife. You may be as dramatic as you please, but don't call names, or I might forget you are my wife."

"Forget, you cur! Would to Heaven I never saw you. You have blighted my life—you worthless hound, and now—"

"I warn you again. Quit calling names. The money I want and will have."

"Not while I live, you cur!" and she again pushed him.

With a snarl and an oath he drew from his inner breast-pocket a large, vicious-looking bowie-knife and made a step toward her. She retreated behind her chair, and, as though to frighten her still more, he made a dash for her. She slipped behind the table, and the chair falling to the floor, in his mad haste to reach her he tripped over it and fell, where he lay as in a stupor.

As soon as her faint had left her she went toward him to remove the knife, believing that he had fallen into a drunken sleep. As she stooped to raise the body to find the knife, which she supposed had fallen under him, what was her horror to perceive that a stream of blood was flowing from his left side. He was dead, and she stared, pierced by the bowie-knife, on her mind flashed the horrible thought that she would be accused as his murderer. Like lightning flashed through her brain all the expressed wishes for his death that she had given utterance to. His murderer! Already in her mind did she picture to herself her arrest, her trial, her conviction; the scaffold loomed before her eyes; the crowd swayed backward and forward in their eagerness to see her hang. It must not be—she must fly. But by flying she would acknowledge that she had committed the crime, and by saying she would be arrested and convicted of it anyhow, for everything pointed to her as the murderer. Who would believe that in a fit of passion he had fallen on his own knife, and so had ended his own existence? Flight was all that was left her. Hastily donning her plainest attire, and stowing about her person all her valuables and money, she stealthily left the hotel, and, under the cover of night, made her way to the railroad track. She had already made up her mind to walk to the next station and then take the first train for anywhere—anywhere as far away as possible, for in distance only lay her safety.

After several days' riding, and many stops and changes, to throw off the odious scent, she landed in the city of New York, and thence she took passage in a sailing vessel for Cuba. She arrived at Havana, and, her money beginning to run short, she sought for employment. She had made many friends during her short sojourn in that city, and with her beauty and pleasant ways, had made sad inroads on the affections of Juan Salcedo, a planter, who had been stricken from the day of her arrival at the hotel where he was stopping. He pressed his suit with true tropical ardor, and she, knowing herself to be a widow, although the world might think that "twas her husband who had made her a widow, she accepted the offer of Salcedo, and an immediate marriage and a journey to his plantation were the result. Life flowed happily for her, and two years passed by on the wings of love.

One day while in Havana, making some purchases, she ran across the young lady who had been doing the subterfuge in her company at the time of her husband's accident. She hastily covered her face with her heavy veil, but too late, for she had been recognized. As the young lady came towards her as though to speak to her, she turned on her heel, and rapidly made her way to her carriage and drove hastily homeward.

Piqued and made angry at this direct snub, the young American girl went to the police headquarters and told them the story of the supposed murder. The myrmidons of the law were put on the case, and, after correspondence with the authorities where the deed was done, the supposed murderer was arrested and sent back to the scene of the tragedy.

A speedy trial was had, and, despite her protestations of innocence and her truthful description of how the accident occurred, she was found guilty of

murder in the first degree by a jury of "solid men" who were entirely governed by the strong circumstantial evidence.

Her former company all appeared against her, and little sayings to which at the moment they were made no attention was paid now came against her with damning force. No matter how her former companions tried to shield her, all was brought out, and she was found guilty. A few days afterwards sentence of death was passed on her. Her husband, who accompanied her to America, was her constant companion and never wavered in his devotion to her, believing her innocent. His daily visits to the jail in which she was confined grew longer as the time for execution drew shorter.

The fatal day arrived. Adieus were given, and the procession to the scaffold in the jailyard was formed. She mounted the steps, with trembling limbs, and, just as they placed the hangman's cap over her face, there was a loud knocking at her door, and she awoke.

Yes, awake to find that she had been asleep for an hour, and the events so clearly given in her dazed mind had all occurred in one short hour.

Confused murmurs and repeated knocking at the door recalled her to herself, and she opened it to admit a clerical-looking man and a companion who was the very counterpart of the Salcedo of her dream. How she ever realized in her condition what they told her she never knew. Her husband had, while intoxicated, insulted a man in the bar-room where he had obtained his liquor, a row ensued, and the unfortunate man was stabbed by his opponent, and his body now lay in death in a room below.

After the first shock of his sudden taking-off, we would sometimes hear her mutter: "Thank God, 'twas not I!" She told us her dream some time afterwards, and in a little over a year married the man who had resembled the husband of her dreams, who, it was ascertained, was a Cuban; and up to this day she believes her dream was not only a singular one, but so many points came true. She also declares that she is against capital punishment for the reason that the sufferings of the condemned, if as hard as were hers in that short hour, fully atoned for any crime that could be committed.

BANANA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY J. CHARLES DAVIS.

Boy on street, Near the walk, As it in the tallies lies, They fish it out, With greatest care, And then they wash it where it will catch a passing heel, Treacherous banana peel!

Hunts and gathers fill the air, "Heaven bless!" hear him swear, At those boys who placed it there, Ambulance and doctor come; On corner glum, Chewing second-hand gum, On the subject they are dumb, Coast is clear, Naught they fear, As they readjust the peel.

One of them, passing by, Boys are having lots of fun, Sitting basking in the sun, Then they see a "cop" they run— They'll be angels "by and by," For that they devoutly sigh.

SUMMERING IN PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Summer of '82 saw a lively set of American performers in Paris—some working, and others "doing" the seductive French city, and all making the most of their time and resources in the search for novelty and success.

Among the "American gang" were Lauck and Fox, bar-performers; Griffin and Rice, song and dance; Walters and Kelly, song-and-dance; the Four Eccentrics (Mason, McGrew, Curdy and Hughes), little Dick Devlin, Chas. Leopold, bar-performer, Smith, the funny old man who reached Paris after an Australian tour with Forepaugh, Thos. Dare (once husband of Leona, manager of the Palace Variety House; Geo. Hall (Dave's brother), horizontal bar; Barretta, bar; Lee Bros., Musical Rocks; the three Wilsons, acrobats; the three Loretas, Tom, Bill and John; Mack and Dixon, and others.

Madame D'Arvey's café, in Geoffrey-Marie street, near the Folies Bergères, was the "beauty" wherein the American hunger was appeased, and the Brasserie (brewery) on the same street was not often without a knot of the sociable colony. It took a wondrously short time for the visitors from the Bowery to master the French enough to give lucidly intelligible orders for their beer—for which they paid six sous per glass—one sou for the garcon.

Sancho Pedro, a dear old friend of all, prevailed freely in the saloon attached to the brewery, and the "tobacco-lamp" visible beneath the table of the United States legation was always a source of wonder and bother to the natives who don't eat tobacco fluently.

The 14th of July was a day that was never to be forgotten even by those used to festivals and holidays of all kinds. It is something like our 4th of July, and in the year we speak of the inauguration of the Hotel de Ville occurred on that day.

A gorgeous pageant it was, and the gang, feeling lonesome in the midst of all the display, because nothing American was fired at them, filled up with breweries, grew intensely patriotic, and, getting into cabriolets, drove to the high-toned American houses and sent out every American soldier they could think of. Windows were raised, doors opened, and warmest welcome everywhere met the vocal patriots, and the old-time melodies brought content and comfort to both the serenaders and the serenaded.

One of the party was run over during the "picnic" and was promptly arrested—which, it would appear, is the rule—the one who is run over being liable in the eyes of the law.

Jno. Loretta (since dead) and Jno. Leopold, with morbid visions of regiments of drowned bodies at the morgue, got up every morning before breakfast for a month before they saw a "sunt"—and even he was an unattractive-looking party who seemed as if he had been always dead. They had fondly anticipated a view of a romantic, damp-haired young grisette who had been drowned in her room owing to the non-escape of the gas from the charcoal-stove which she had written her last letter with—something of that kind—and the solitary old "deader" disgusted them, and they said Paris was greatly overrated.

Mack and Dixon (of Worlen and Mack and Mason and Dixon) put on the old song-and-dance "Rivalry" skits at the houses they were playing. As every team that had ever appeared at that house had put on something of about the same style of sketch, a change was suggested. A consultation by the "residents" from America produced an alteration in the stage-set. The cottage was simply set left instead of right, and the act was voted different! It went to a sort of novelty, and but one thing disturbed the success of the "new version." Dixon, in falling out of the cottage, had become so used to falling on one side that the alarming novelty made him nervous, and he fell out slam-bang all the way, *allegro agitato*, and touched the stage hard.

The audience voted if the best fall they had seen, but Dixon, with his "heart broke," insisted on the old order of things, and the "old sketch" was again produced by having cottage right.

On the night of the 14th of July our jolly visitors were wading through miles of French dialect on their way to the Arc de Triomphe, and, in ignorance of the time set, were continually asking each other: "I wonder if the fireworks have been set off yet?" There was not enough French in the crowd to tackle a native with this gag, and so but little information could be obtained, till finally Tom Loretta tried it for the first time. He said he could not "catch on" till at length he suddenly parlayed the Bowery dialect with the remark, in best of Mulberry-street dialect: "Fireworks off? I'm d— if I know."

The Folies Bergères custom of requiring the performers to do their full act at rehearsal, made up, light, etc., same as night, was annoying in the extreme to the newcomers, but it had to be done.

Hearing of the large orchestras in Paris, one of the performers had added to his usual nine parts for orchestra five extra—making fourteen parts.

which, he felt, showed up well. What was his dismay when the leader, shrugging his shoulders, said: "Fourteen parts only? I have sixty men in my orchestra!"

CHESS.

To Correspondents.

FRANK NEWTON, Allegheny, Pa.—In the position submitted the White K can not go to Kt 4; he would be in +.

JOHN G. WHITE, Cleveland, O.—We have most of the numbers of *The Era* cited; but they are in our scrap-books, and duplicates of this all but incomparable column were long ago exhausted.

Solutions.

Enigma No. 1,405.—We have been quite surprised at receiving neither a solution of note about this splendid production. To solve the mystery we have resorted to the original in *Spectator*, and by errors, clerical or typographical we do not know, find the position wrong, as given, and here correct it.

Enigma No. 1,405.—The close of the game is a sufficient solution. Well done! Mr. C. C. C.

Enigma 1,409 (by G. Simonson, B. C. C.).
1. P to K5 K to K2 5. K to K3 P to R6
2. P to K6 K to B2 6. K to R4 P to R7
3. K to R3 K to Q2 7. P to K3 P to R7
4. K to R2(1) P to R5 Black wins: P to R5; 5. P to R5, P to R6; 6. Any P to R7, etc.

Problem 1,499 (in fee, by J. A. Carson).—1. R to P R + 2. R to R to Bsq; 3. Q to R5, Rany; 4. R to K to B; 5. K to P, mate. If Black 3. K, or B, move, K to R4; and 5. mates; but if 3. R to R2; 4. R to R2; and 5. P mates.—(Q. E. D.)

Enigma 1,408.—We should be much pleased to have some of our younger solvers report on this brilliant ending.

Problem 1,498.—The close of the game is a sufficient solution. Well done! Mr. C. C. C.

Enigma 1,409 (by G. Simonson, B. C. C.).
1. P to K5 K to K2 5. K to K3 P to R6
2. P to K6 K to B2 6. K to R4 P to R7
3. K to R3 K to Q2 7. P to K3 P to R7
4. K to R2(1) P to R5 Black wins: P to R5; 5. P to R5, P to R6; 6. Any P to R7, etc.

Problem 1,499 (in fee, by J. A. Carson).—1. R to P R + 2. R to R to Bsq; 3. Q to R5, Rany; 4. R to K to B; 5. K to P, mate. If Black 3. K, or B, move, K to R4; and 5. mates; but if 3. R to R2; 4. R to R2; and 5. P mates.—(Q. E. D.)

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

Enigma No. 1,500.
That the losing player should "have at least one piece left when mated" was the usual requirement of Oriental terminations.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The 15 prize, same as the most brilliant in the "Master Tourney" at Hamburg, between Prof. (mus.) J. Berger and Herr J. Taubenhause.—Chess Monthly.

More made—56. P to Q B3. He should proceed 56. Q to K2, threatening to force the game with 56. Q to K6, or K8, as Black plays.
(a) If 56. B X R to B7's the best reply.
(b) As seems determined to throw away his superiority of material, we see no reason, otherwise, why not 59. Q to K2.
(c) An unaccountable blunder; of course, he should play K to Kt4.
(d) The winning continuation. After 70. R to R4 + 71. K to B2, R to Kt6; 72. R X R, P X R—White would secure the draw with 73. Kt to K5 +; and 74. Kt to B3. White might have prolonged the fight by 71. P to Q Kt6—but loses all the same.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The following masterpiece won the first prize in the recent Hamburg Tourney.
BY FRANZ SCHREIFER.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 1,504.
Second prize in recent Hamburg Tourney.
BY J. OBERMANN, B. C. C.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The following masterpiece won the first prize in the recent Hamburg Tourney.
BY FRANZ SCHREIFER.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 1,504.
Second prize in recent Hamburg Tourney.
BY J. OBERMANN, B. C. C.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Enigma No. 1,501.
The following masterpiece won the first prize in the recent Hamburg Tourney.
BY FRANZ SCHREIFER.

GRAY & STEPHENS

Allow me to congratulate you on having the JUMBO of America. Jumbo is dead, but he has been resurrected from a sensational standpoint in your great drama **WITHOUT A HOME.** Mr. Barnum has no feature as strong as the Wolf-scene in your drama. Our Box-office receipts show that you played on the week to over (\$3,500) thirty-five hundred dollars, one of the largest week's business ever done in this house.

G. B. BUNNELL,
Oct. 1, 1885. MUSEUM, NEW HAVEN, CT.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 9.
MR. JOHN A. HUNTER, Manager Gray & Stephens Dramatic Co., allow us to congratulate you on being the representative of a meritorious attraction, and we heartily recommend it to our best citizens. The play being chaste, pure and free from vulgar sensationalism. Agreeable to request will place (3) three extra police in front of opera-house to preserve order during rush for seats. JOHN J. DOUGHERTY, Chief-of-police, Wilmington, Del.

E. M. CASTINE'S COMPANY OF STAR ARTISTS,

Headed by the eminent young comedian MR. JAMES REILLY, in his original creation of **WIDDER DORSEY** in the three-act Musical Extravaganza entitled **THE WIDDER OR MARRIAGEABLE DAUGHTERS**, written by himself, is meeting with unbounded success, return dates being offered wherever produced. Press and Public being unanimous in bestowing the most flattering encomiums upon it. A few open dates in Dec., West. Address as per route. E. M. CASTINE, Manager.

JOHN L. CONROY
is creating quite a furore in the exceedingly clever rendition of the FRENCHMAN in the comedy of "The Widder."

JAMES L. DEMPSEY
as the strolling son of Sunny Italy always meets with a hearty welcome from an appreciative public with "The Widder" Com.

WALTER LE ROY
the inimitable representative of the gallant Captain of the City of Rome, has few if any equals in the above character with "The Widder" Com.

FRANK CHASE.
This eccentric black-faced Musical Artist's appearance was always greeted with shouts of approbation. "I said you did." With "The Widder" Com.

DAN SWIFT,
as TOLEDO, the "irrepressible dude," portrayed by him is very clever. Ah! yes, clever. With "The Widder" Com.

BOB MACK,
THE INDEFATIGABLE. "The last shall be first," as the Advance and Press Representative of "The Widder" Combination will always be glad to meet his many friends.

JUST READ THIS. O'BRIEN BROS., THE BIGGEST HIT EVER MADE IN MINSTRELS.

SEE WHAT MR. POPE SAYS:
The O'Brien Bros. followed the Garnetts and made the biggest hit ever made in my theatre—MR. C. POPE, Pope's Theatre, St. Louis. ... Followed the Craig Family at Columbia Theatre, Chicago, and made the biggest hit ever made in this city. ... CHICAGO TRIBUNE. ... The O'Brien Brothers' act is the greatest act we ever saw, and receives more applause than any act in the minstrel business. Compelled to take six and seven encores nightly. (Signed) WM. LESTER, PAUL ALLEN, GEO. LESTER, JOHN L. SULLIVAN. ... The O'Brien Brothers do the greatest act I ever saw.—HARRY EGGERTON, Manager Lester & Allen's Minstrels. ... We are engaged with John L. Sullivan for a tour through Europe and Australia after season closes. Regards to all friends, especially PAT. ROONEY.

JUAN A. CAICEDO,
KING OF THE HIGH WIRE,
WITH THE GREAT BARNUM AND LONDON SHOWS, SEASON OF 1883-4-5,
IS AT LIBERTY TO ACCEPT AN ENGAGEMENT FOR THE TESTING SEASON OF 1886. Permanent address care of CLIPPER.
Engaged for the Winter Season as follows: Oct. 26, Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York; Nov. 9 and 16, P. T. Barnum's Recreation Building, Bridgeport, Ct.; Nov. 23, New Grand Central, Philadelphia; Dec. 6, twelve weeks with Pablon's Circo Argentino, Havana, Cuba.

**THE EMINENT EUROPEAN ARTIST,
MR. WM. J. MILLS,**
Has just finished an engagement of Four Weeks at Carnaross, Minstrels, Philadelphia. At liberty Oct. 19 and 26. Can put on an afterpiece in connection with specialty. Address care of CLIPPER.

**TREMENDOUS SUCCESS WITH HOWARD STAR SPECIALTY COMPANY.
SWEENEY and RYLAND
COMIQUE, PROVIDENCE, THIS WEEK.**

LEOPOLD and BUNELL.
THIS WEEK. ONE NIGHT STANDS. EN ROUTE WITH SILBON'S GREAT COMPANY.

NICK NORTON
HAS RETIRED FROM THE MANAGEMENT OF WOOD'S THEATRE, OMAHA, AND CAN NOW BE ADDRESSED CARE OF COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED, MAN WITHOUT EXPERIENCE
In the Show-business,
Willing to be taught and a worker. Must invest \$150 for half interest in thoroughly established comedy company, with young, attractive, well-known star-actress as partner, and travel as Treasurer. Must start immediately, if accepted. Finest Printing and Lithographs on the road. Time all filled. Address MISS K. C. care of CLIPPER.

Miss Emma Alfredo,
The only Lady Bar Performer in the World, is dangerously ill at her home, and has been so for the past two weeks.

Shannon, Miller & Crane,

NO. 46 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.
Importers and Manufacturers, Theatrical, Military and Society Goods. Fresh All-silk Tights and Shirt, Nos. 1, 2 and 3, \$15 per set of tights and shirt. Gold and Silver Laces, Fringes, Spangles, Stars, Tassels, Brocades, Fights, Shirts, Paddings, Hats, Wigs, Shoes, Jewelry and Armor. Theatrical, Equestrian, Military, Athletic and Costumers' Goods. Flags and Banners. The largest assortment and best stock of these goods to be found anywhere. Armor manufactured to order. Estimates given. Send for circular. Goods sent C. O. D.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, MIDDLETOWN, PA.

WILL BE READY TO OPEN Sept. 15, 1885. Will seat 1,000 persons. Stage 50x24 feet. Address for dates, etc., STEHMAN & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

FRED WALDMANN'S NEWARK OPERA-HOUSE

FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC AND VARIETY COMBINATIONS CAN NOW BOOK TIME FOR SEASON OF 1885 AND '86. SEASON WILL OPEN AUGUST 24.

ADDRESS: FRED WALDMANN, MANAGER.

SIXTH AVENUE THEATRE, BEAVER FALLS, PA.

Seating capacity, 1,200; dimensions of stage, 35x70; proscenium opening, 28 ft.; nine sets of Palmer's scenery; population of town and vicinity, 25,000; on the R. F. W. and C. R. R. and P. and L. E. R. R., 30 miles West of Pittsburgh. Managers of First-class Companies will please address immediately for dates and terms. C. W. ROHRKASTE, Manager.

ADDITION TO THE Greenville (Miss.) Opera-house

WILL BE COMPLETED OCTOBER 1, '86. STAGE—PROSCENIUM 20 FT. x 10 FT. TO OR. 194; TO LOFT 245. SEATS 1,000. RENT \$100 PER WEEK. DAILY TRAINS FROM MEMPHIS AND VICKSBURG. Address: GEO. F. ARCHER, Secretary.

NEW OPERA-HOUSE, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Seating capacity, 1,400; population, 10,000. Good show-town. Roller skating in building. First-class attractions wanted for Opera-house and Rink at all times. Address: L. E. WATERMAN & CO., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

OPERA-HOUSE, FORMERLY SWIFT'S HALL, FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The undersigned having purchased the above property has repaired and refurnished it throughout. Sharing terms are offered. DAVID GRAHAM.

WEST POINT OPERA-HOUSE, West Point, MISS.

New, and complete in every particular. Seating capacity 800. Will book good companies on shares for any date after Oct. 15. FRANKS & CAROTHERS, Managers.

BISSELL'S HALL, NORTH MANCHESTER, CT.

Seats 600. Only public Hall in a town of over 7,000 inhabitants. Will book good companies on shares. Good show town. O. H. MERRILL, Manager.

COSHOCTON OPERA-HOUSE, A. J. MILLER, Manager.

Seats fully 1,000. Stage, 25x40 feet. Full sets of scenery. Population of town, including Roscoe, 5,000. BUT FIRST-CLASS SHOWS WANTED. SHARE WITH COMPANY OR CASH RENT. Address: A. J. MILLER, Coshocton, O.

EMPIRE SKATING RINK FRANKFORD, N. Y.

Size 50x150. One of the best floors in the State. Lighted by electricity. A new stage, 35x25, just erected and ready for theatrical and other companies. Correspondence solicited. Address: CARROLL & McPARTNEY, Frankford, N. Y.

MR. RICHARD HEMMINGS Artistic Tight-rope Performer

In the world, is now open for negotiations with Proprietors of Skating Rinks, Winter and Summer Gardens, Vaudeville Theatres, Agricultural Societies, etc. Address: 1132 CUTHBERT STREET, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE, A THEATRE IN NEW ORLEANS.

Seats 1,341. Very easy terms. Address: PHILIP WERLEIN, 135 Canal street, New Orleans, La.

DOMINICK MURRAY. Last year of "Escaped From Sing Sing." En route from Oct. 5. ARDEN SMITH, Manager. Season 1885-6.

Abelardo Lowande, SOMERSAULT-RIDER, AND Josephine Lowande

Bareback Equestrienne,
Sail for Havana on Oct. 10. Responsible managers wishing their services for season of 1886, address 638 SECOND AVENUE, New York. After the above date P. O. BOX 360, HAVANA, Cuba. No seating in cook tent.

SHOWMEN WILL BE MADE FOR THE NEW BLOCKS when large quantities of PRINT ING will be guaranteed. New Uncle Tom, Minstrel Prints and other cuts.

SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.
T. R. DAWLEY, Great American Engraving and Printing Co., 25 Beekman street, New York.

Circus Canvases. Tents of all Descriptions Manufactured BY M. R. KUNKLEY, 163 South street, New York City.

TO CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW MANAGERS JAMES MARTIN & SON, Manufacturers of Circus and Show Canvases, Bunting, Flags, etc., 110, 112 and 114 Commercial street, Boston. Price-list sent free.

FERNANDOS FLEURY'S ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, Consisting of a series of Marble Groupings, the like never seen before; also in his original new and old character scenes. All letters send care of CLIPPER.

TO THE PROFESSION. REILLY'S HOTEL, 124 West Baltimore street, within three minutes' walk of the Holiday-street Theatre. Rates per week, \$6. BERNARD REILLY, Proprietor.

HOWARD HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C. SPECIAL RATES TO PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE.

St. Charles Hotel, 15 and 17 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL. Professionals' Home. Convenient to all theatres and Museums. Rates very reasonable.

JUST COMPLETED, BEAUTIFUL NEW PLAY, Blanche, the Blind Girl, FOR SINGING-SOUBRETTE, and other plays. Call or address ANNIE LEWIS, 236 E. Fourteenth st., New York.

FOR THEATRICAL AND STREET WIGS GREASE PAINTS, ETC. GO TO M. SHINDKEL, THE MANUFACTURER, 262 Grand street, New York. SEND FOR REDUCED PRICE-LIST.

VAN FLEET, JOB PRINTER New York Clipper Building.

MR. HARRY MINER'S ENTERPRISES.
THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, CHERRY STREET, NEW YORK.
MR. HARRY MINER'S BOWERY THEATRE, BOWERY, NEW YORK.
MR. HARRY MINER'S EIGHTH AVENUE THEATRE, EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
MR. HARRY MINER'S "SILVER KING" COMPANIES, "SILVER KING" COMPANIES, NEW YORK.
MR. HARRY MINER'S "MADRID" COMPANIES, "MADRID" COMPANIES, NEW YORK.
MR. HARRY MINER'S DRAMATIC DIRECTORY (2d Edition).
The above enterprises are managed from my general offices, where all communications should be addressed to HARRY MINER, General Offices Miner's Enterprises, People's Theatre, N. Y.

THE LITTLE TYCOON

An Original American and Japanese
COMIC OPERA,

COMPOSED AND WRITTEN BY MR. WILLARD SPENSER.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

A Company for the First Production of this Charming Opera is now being Organized, and Special Scenery and Costumes are now being prepared.

WANTED, FIRST-CLASS AND WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS, SOPRANOS, CONTRALTOS, TENORS, BASSOS AND OTHER VOICES FOR PRINCIPAL PARTS AND CHORUS.

MANAGERS
Of First-class Theatres and Opera houses having open time, and desiring to produce this Charming Opera, will please address all communications to
PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER, TEMPLE THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

JOHN and JAMES RUSSELL THE IRISH LADY-IMPERSONATORS,

WITH HALLEN & HART'S FIRST-PRIZE IDEALS
SEASON '85-'86.

Permanent address, 205 West Tenth street, N. Y. City.

THE ORIGINAL BUFFALO BOYS, CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY,

After an absence of Eight Years, will return to America about July next. Responsible managers only address CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY, ERA OFFICE, LONDON, ENGLAND.
N. B.—REGARDS TO SWEENEY AND RYLAND.

STATUE OF "LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD."
MORE MONEY NEEDED.

The Committee in charge of the construction of the pedestal and the erection of the Statue, IN ORDER TO RAISE FUNDS FOR ITS COMPLETION, have prepared from model furnished by the artist a perfect fac simile Miniature Statuette, which they are delivering to subscribers throughout the United States at the following prices:
No. 1 Statuette, six inches in height, the Statue bronzed, Pedestal, nickel silvered, at ONE DOLLAR EACH, delivered.
No. 2 Statuette, in same metal, twelve inches high, beautifully bronzed and nickel, at FIVE DOLLARS EACH, delivered.
No. 3 Statuette, twelve inches high, finely chased, Statue bronzed, Pedestal HEAVILY SILVER-PLATED, WITH PLUSH STAND, at TEN DOLLARS EACH, delivered.
Much time and money have been spent in perfecting the Statuettes, and they are much improved over the first sent out. The Committee have received from subscribers many letters of commendation.
THE NEW YORK WORLD Fund of \$100,000 completes the Pedestal, but it is estimated that \$40,000 is yet needed to pay for the iron fastenings and erection of the Statue. Liberal subscriptions for the Miniature Statuettes will produce the desired amount.
Address, with remittance,
RICHARD BUTLER, Secretary
American Committee of the Statue of Liberty,
33 Mercer street, New York.

ST. JAMES HOTEL, FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Only Hotel in City Making Special Low Rates to Professionals.
Only one block from six theatres. Over two hundred front rooms.

"THE BEST YET." HARRIGAN & BRAHAM'S NEW SONGS AS SUNG IN "OLD LAVENDER."

"Extra, Extra." "Get up, Jack, John, sit down." "Poverty's Tears Ebb and Flow." "Please to Put that Down." "The Owl." "Sweetest Love." Price 40c. each. Discount to the profession. WM. A. POND & CO., 25 Union-square, New York.

SLIDE - TROMBONE AT LIBERTY, OCT. 17.

READS IN ANY CLEFT
SOBER AND RELIABLE.
LARGE EXPERIENCE.
EXCELLENT REFERENCES.
Responsible managers only need address:
JOHN M. FINN, care of CLIPPER.

SWEENEY and McLEAN, MUSICAL ARTISTS, END-MEN AND COMEDIANS, Now en route with Wallace & Co.'s Circus, will be at liberty after Nov. 1. Would like to hear from some good minstrel party. Address 30 Chestnut street, Columbus, O.

NEW OPERA-HOUSE, CYNTHIANA, KY.

Seating capacity, 700. Two elegant Drop-curtains and Eight Sets New Scenery. WANTED—ONLY VERY BEST COMPANIES. Would like to book good attraction for Christmas week.
BISHOP & FRAZER, Managers.

ARTISTS, By sending 15c. postal note, or stamps, to J. S. RUHL-MAN, Publisher, Trenton, N. J., will receive a copy of the new song-and-dance

"My Little Colleen Rose," By JAMES MURRAY. This song is one of the most pleasing melodies ever published. The dance cannot be beaten

Mayer's New Opera-house, OLEAN, N. Y.

THE ABOVE HOUSE WILL OPEN OCT. 10, 1885. Has a seating capacity of 1,600, with ten new sets of scenery. Stage 25x50, with all modern improvements. Will share or rent with first-class attractions only. Population of city, 10,000. Address P. C. MAYER, Olean, N. Y.

MAGIC AND JUGGLING GOODS. Send 15c. in stamps for the new 144-page Illustrated Catalogue. Over 600 Tricks and Illusions. Jugglery List sent free on receipt of address. OTTO MAYER, 321 Bowery, New York. Professor of Legendaire. Established 25 years. Full outfit for magicians and jugglers always on hand.

H. MUNDHEIM, Opera and Circus Shoes, 369 BOWERY, Between Fourth and Fifth streets, New York City.

SCENERY FOR WALLS.

ELEGANT DROP-CURTAINS, Scenes, Wings, Borders, etc. New and artistic. Estimates sent. HENDERSON & KINGSTON, Postoffice, Ohio.

FAIRBANKS & COLE BANJO MAKERS, Teachers of Music Publishers, 121 COURT ST. BOSTON.

VICTOR GEO. C. DOBSON BANJO JOS. RICKETT, Manufacturer OF FINE BANJOS, 2428 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. S. Stewart's Banjo and Guitar JOURNAL, 10 cents per copy in United States stamps. Be sure to read it. Address S. S. STEWART, No. 412 North Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOURTH ANNUAL TOUR OF J. C. STEWART'S TWO JOHNS COMEDY COMPANY. The Largest, Funniest and Most Successful Comedy Organization traveling. Time all filled. A. Q. MCAMMON, Business manager.

TRICKS JUST IN! OUR NEW AND full illustrated Book Catalogue for 1886 of fine magical apparatus, Illusions, etc. Send 10c. for catalogue. MARTIN & CO., 455 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

NILES CITY OPERA-HOUSE. New and first class in every respect. People playing at this house can play the whole Northern Pacific Circuit from St. Paul to the Pacific Coast. Wanted at once. One First-class Song and dance Team. Two First-class Song and dance Ladies: good lookers and good dressers. No lousers need apply. Salaries good and pay sure. Address AL. WARD, Niles City, Montana.

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.—Per annum, in advance, \$4; six months, \$2; three months, \$1. Foreign postage extra. Single copies, 10 cents each.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—A single type measure, 14 lines to an inch, 30 cents per line for each insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. will be made for advertisement when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Out-of-town and out-of-state advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied. Department notices copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted only once.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Wednesday morning. The outside pages GO TO PRESS ON MONDAY, and the inside pages on Tuesday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us no later than noon on Monday, and all favors should reach us early on Tuesday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 5 P. M. on Tuesday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders on the New York City.

WE EMPLOY NO AGENTS. Send all advertisements and money direct to this office.

Make all orders payable to and address all communications to:

THE FRANK QUEEN PUBLISHING CO. (Limited),
P. O. Box 3, 75 N. 4th St., New York City.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.; or Foreign Subscriptions may be sent to THE INTERNATIONAL NEWSPAPER COMPANY, 11 Bowdoin Street (First Street), London, England.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE FRANK QUEEN PUBLISHING CO. (Limited),
PUBLISHERS.

BENJAMIN GARNO, MANAGING EDITOR.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Replies by Mail or Telegraph.

LETTERS THAT DO NOT REACH US UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

CARDS.

H. L.—The game is differently played. As we played it when it was first introduced into this country, about twenty years ago, it was not a game of chance, but a game of skill. Some players require him to take two tricks—one to get the chance to make the other to count it. You can yourself see whether this is reasonable or not, and can then elect to play the game whichever way you please.

A. T.—One will make two for three tricks, and the other will make two for one. If the game was regular, the man who first declared alone is the only one who could go alone and gain anything by so doing. He could count either four or one, according as he made the trick or not. The other could count but two, which would be for a euchre.

A. V. G.—Detroit.—The age passed out when its holder passed out. It is not transferable except by mutual agreement. The same party who would have held the age had there been neither blind nor straddle. The latter has to be seen or felt all round before there can be any drawing of cards, and hence the game is then in the same condition as if there had been no straddle, with the exception that the dealer has to be seen or felt all round.

K. R.—Philadelphia.—You say "C" takes the trick with jack and calls "jack and out." "C" did not have the three spot of trumps back, and therefore claimed out on high and low. "C" was out, or could not have anything but game. Probably you mean that "A" had low back. If so, "A" won with that high.

W. H. T.—St. Louis.—Yes, there can be. It is done by slipping a jack from top to bottom when one's hand is nearly exhausted. But it is, besides being wrong, very silly to cheat at a game that is never played except for amusement.

C. B.—Bridgeport.—You should settle it among yourselves as to what shall be the consequences, all round, of a player's taking a game. There must be some new rule, and different methods in practice that we prefer not to force any by giving a decision.

New Haven.—You are a conundrum, and we give it up. There must be some new rule, and different methods in practice that we prefer not to force any by giving a decision.

A. C. R.—Bridgton.—The game is a conundrum, and we give it up. There must be some new rule, and different methods in practice that we prefer not to force any by giving a decision.

H. B. R.—St. Louis.—The game is a conundrum, and we give it up. There must be some new rule, and different methods in practice that we prefer not to force any by giving a decision.

E. B.—We cannot decide any bet on such a statement as that. Everybody knows that "A" is a conundrum, and we give it up. There must be some new rule, and different methods in practice that we prefer not to force any by giving a decision.

J. E. T.—Albany.—If nobody sees "B" straddle, he takes the pot, of course.

G. H. W.—Grand Rapids.—The bank has an advantage in faro apart from splits.

P. T.—Philadelphia.—It is really not worth disputing about. Arguments should be avoided in such cases.

H. H. W.—Boston.—The ball being 10, 4, 3, 5, 3, 5, there is no run for the last card.

R. R.—Amsterdam.—He need not play ace of hearts. The five fingers was not a load.

E. H. D.—Lancaster.—It was out.

R. S.—Detroit.—A loss of \$20 and wins \$5.

W. H. J.—Boston.—Better play it with a full deck.

D. J.—Rochester.—It cannot be done.

INQUIRY.—St. Louis.—The last turn was not trump.

R. K. Y.—Topeka.—The ace of spades.

H. J.—Elizabeth.—That is not sound reasoning.

K. R. B.—Oswego.—He should have led his left bower.

R. D. B.—Newark.—The count is eighteen.

W. F. T.—Utica.—You lose. It cannot be done.

BASEBALL AND CRICKET.

PATRON. Chicago.—The runs made by those clubs in all of their championship games this season are: Chicago, 835; New York, 691.

H. A. C.—Hartford.—You are right. In the Chicago-New York game, J. Dugan, captain of Chicago, should have been credited with two safe hits. The scores telegraphed from Chicago contained several glaring errors.

P. F. D.—Boston.—The game played with the Mutual Club in 1874, and remained with it until the close of the season of 1876.

R. R.—Fort Dodge.—The ball is held in the hand by pressing it first between the first two fingers and the thumb, with the third and little fingers closed in the palm. The drop curve is executed by allowing the fingers to turn under the ball as it is released from the hand, letting it roll off the ends of the fingers. The arm must be brought nearly straight up and down with the body in this delivery, the ball being kept at the height of the knee, the lower the better, so more of a drop can be acquired to deceive the batter.

J. Q.—Detroit.—Keele and Esterbrook became members of the New York Club at the commencement of the present season.

INQUIRY. Brooklyn.—We are unable to tell how the game money was divided in the exhibition game between the New York and Chicago Clubs. The 5 in Louisville, Ky. One account stated that the Louisville managers put up a purse of \$1,000, the losing club to get \$200. Besides this, each individual player was to get \$100, and the surplus, if any, went to the Louisville party.

C. F. H.—Detroit.—If the man who accepted "B's" proposition distinctly let the Detroiters would not make more of it. It is not a bet, and it is not a game. It is a draw. You have told us only as to what "H" did or said.

D. J. M.—Utica.—Anson and Brothers each for two seasons led the National League in batting, and Barnes, Jim White, Dalrymple, Gore and O'Rourke have each once accomplished that feat, according to the official averages. Connected with batting during the past season?

He ranked this season about sixth in batting. The official League batting averages for 1884 have not yet been published.

W. J. G.—Brooklyn.—I. You lose. The rule of calling wild pitched balls and giving the batsman his base thereon went into operation in 1884. I, however, lose, as it occurred more than six years ago.

AQUATIC.

J. F.—Roxbury.—Both "spinnaker" and "spinnaker."

J. H. G.—The yacht "Frisella" is a sloop.

J. D. G.—See the head of the column. There was no yacht named Monarch lost fourteen years ago or at any other time. Perhaps you mean the Mohawk. She capsized July 20, 1870, off Staten Island.

DICE, DOMINOES, RAFFLES, ETC.

LEFT FIELDER. Roxbury.—The three deuces won.

W. H. C.—Salem.—The 42's take both.

READER. Amsterdam.—The six four has been cleared.

ATHLETIC.

A. D.—See records in CLIPPER ANNUAL.

W. F. D.—Newbury.—See reply to "A. D."

CANADIAN. Toronto.—Not unless he was judge of walk.

ATHLETE. Toronto.—I. The judges can disqualify under such circumstances. 2. No. 3. It seems to have been so. 4. They can take evidence from outsiders. 5. He is not.

ROBERTS.—We have not seen any announcement to that effect. Watch our athletic department for notice.

J. H. B.—Benicia.—There is no record for that style of jumping. It is claimed that Mr. 20 has been cleared.

C. P. D.—Kingston.—I. The time is fairly good. A course of training would doubtless enable you to improve upon it. 2. Send fifty cents to Ed. James for "Practical Training." Address as directed in advertisement. 3. No. 4. That will enable you to run faster or last longer.

RING.

T. B.—Canton.—Mike McCoolle fought Joe Coburn at Charlestown, Md., May 5, 1883, and Aaron Jones at Busen-park's Station, U., Aug. 31, 1887.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. K.—Your statement makes a tie of it. All three are equally winners of the prize, unless they decide to shoot out.

J. M.—Fort Hays.—A and B, with 113, win both.

T. J. G.—I. Dec. 24, 1872. 2. See Amusement Answers.

W. H. B.—That is a matter of individual opinion. Which do you think is the better system? We do not care to express our opinion.

F. M. M.—See Amusement Answers.

NEWSDEALER. Barton.—The first explosion for the purpose of removing the rocks in Hellgate was in 1861. Explosions continued at intervals until about 1874. The first great one, that destroyed the Astoria Hotel, was in 1874.

ACTION. Pith, Binghamton.—It is too early yet for "here to be any bettering here on the election in this State."

W. R. F.—Albany.—A single track beyond White Plains.

A. L. T.—Lockville.—We could not make use of your picture if we had it.

A BAD EXAMPLE AND A HAZARDOUS EXPERIMENT.

Rosina Vokes has brought an entire English company over here to support her. Our Boston correspondent writes this week as if the actors, in their entirety, were not even a poor success, and as if an American company would step into their shoes to very general public acceptance. This bears out the remarks we made some weeks ago as to the relative artistic worth—not pecuniary—of English and American actors when made up into full companies. We thought then that Mary Anderson, above all other American managers or semi-managers, was making a mistake in importing her supporting stock; and we think so yet. Her case is altogether different from that of Charles Kean, William Maeredy, Mrs. Langtry, Henry Irving and Rosina Vokes, who were or are English actors, and whose supporting companies had or have as much claim to American patronage as the stars themselves.

So generously have the people of this country treated Miss Anderson, so richly have they patronized her, and almost wholly because she is an American, that there is a deep significance attaching to a question we received last week:

"Of what nationality are the parents of Mary Anderson?" Not caring a fig as to the nationality of anybody's parents, we made simply this answer: "Americans, we suppose." Miss Anderson is herself an American, and there has been no pressing need that she should consent to aid in putting this slight upon American actors—for it is a slight, no matter in what light she may prefer to regard it. Had Charlotte Cushman or Edwin Forrest, at any time after returning from a professional tour of England, done as Miss Anderson has, either would have been hissed from the American stage. There is no danger that Miss Anderson will be hissed. She has personally been too much esteemed by a nation far less American than it was thirty or forty years ago, in Forrest's or Miss Cushman's prime; but this identical personal esteem makes it all the more painful to contemplate that Miss Anderson went abroad as a representative of America, that our people were proud of her as one of themselves when as an American she was well spoken of abroad, and that she now comes back to us "English, you know." It is a very hazardous experiment—one that Edwin Booth would not have dared try nearly a quarter of a century ago, when he first came back from England, nor two years ago, when he last came back. It is to be questioned very much if, left to her own ideas of "the eternal fitness of things," Miss Anderson would have ventured upon so strange a course. Fancy Henry Irving going back to the London Lyceum Theatre with a purely American company at his heels. The act would have damned him in England for all time to come. It has often been said that the modern American public is one vast ass. It seems that American actors are nowadays thought well enough of in their own country to be buried as eulogies by the Actors' Fund, the Actors' Order of Friendship, the Lambs or the Elks.

There is an excuse for everything; and one reason assigned for an English-supporting company in this case is that it dispensed with rehearsals. Everybody knows that Miss Anderson has had little or no time for rehearsals since she arrived here; but everybody also knows that she could have come here earlier, or that the Star Theatre could have been engaged for a week later, or that dates could have been exchanged. In fact, that she has opened "As You Like It" with a company that are probably as many actors in American families as in England. It is the very play of all in which her present company are least versed, they having played it with her but once. Another reason given is that she has returned so late in the season that all the American actors of mark are engaged. Unfortunately, they are not—they never are, unless only long enough to take many of them out of town and leave them there. Besides, everybody in America has for a year known just about when Miss Anderson intended to return, and there has been ample time in which to engage American talent. Were her English company a particularly good one, that would be a strong reason why it accompanies her; but all those who were at the Star Theatre on the opening night of this week observed that, while two or three are clever, there is not one who cannot easily be matched in this country. The real reasons are financial ones. There may be comparative cheapness in the company, but there is novelty. We do not doubt at all that the company will serve its purpose as a novelty. Miss Anderson is herself somewhat of a novelty now. That must wear away in time, and then she may begin to realize that she has been led into a personal error, besides setting a bad example, which is all the likelier to be followed if it results in marked financial success.

WHIRLING WHEELMEN continue to run down the records in a way which shows their utter disregard of the lacerated feelings of the former proud owners of the figures. Champion Howell last week made a successful attack on the two-mile tri-cycle-mark, and he was followed by Amateurs Ives and Rhodes in an assault on the American bicycle-record for twenty-five miles, in which they also succeeded. Both achievements were accomplished on the Hampden Park track, already thickly strewn with cycling laurels.

A DISPUTE has raged for some time in England as to the accuracy of the system of computing cricket averages, and *The London Times* was recently egotically hoaxed by a correspondent who wrote expressing surprise at such a controversy having arisen, seeing that it could have been obviated by adopting in England an instrument recently patented in America, "which calculates bowling averages with self-evident ease and is called the 'bolometer.'"

"Bolometer" is really an instrument for calculating radiations in electricity.

McBOWLING, the six-year-old son of Tom Bowling, on Saturday last cast fresh lustre on his famous sire's name by lowering the record of 1:48, for a mile and a sixteenth, made by both Crescote and Billy Gilmore. The new figures are 1:45.7, McBOWLING, however, carrying but 11lb, while Crescote had up 114 and Gilmore 116, both of whom were also four-year-olds at the time.

SUCH IS FAME.

One of our dailies last week, in speaking of famous American actresses, dwelt upon Julia Dean and Eliza Logan, but omitted Charlotte Cushman. Chided by a correspondent, it explained that it "had more particularly in mind Shakespearean characters, and that Miss Cushman, although she played Lady Macbeth and Queen Katharine, was a melodramatic artist of a very high order, rather than one of legitimate tragedy." She was a noted Queen Gertrude, Goneril, Hamlet, Emilia and Katharine (in "The Taming of the Shrew"), as well as a famous Lady Macbeth and a fair Romeo.

She frequently played Juliet, Ophelia, Volantia, Rosalind, Viola, Queen Katharine, Cardinal Wolsey and Beatrice, and yet she was not conspicuously a Shakespearean actress? She played alike Helen, Alice, Mary Stuart, Mrs. Oakley, Servia, Elvira, Pauline and Claude Melotte, Julia, La Tisbe, Juliana, Mrs. Haller, Lady Teazle, Lady Gay Spanker, Mariana, etc., albeit she also did Janet Pridmore, Mrs. Simpson, Patrick ("Young Soldier"), Count Belino, Cherubino, Aladdin, and Mrs. Simpson, and was the greatest of Blancas; and yet she was rather a melo-dramatic artist. Verily, this age has no use for anybody that knows anything, if the most versatile of Americans is to be rated only as "a melodramatic artist of high order," merely because she undoubtedly was great as Helen McGregor, Nancy Sykes, and Meg Merrilies, while not bad as Therese, Victorine, Fanny Squeers in "Nicholas Nickleby," Theodore in "Lafayette," Florinda in "Robin Hood," and in "The Two Orphans."

Cushman, Logan or Dean. The latter two were essentially not Shakespearean. Their roles were Evadne, Mrs. Oakley, Mrs. Haller, Pauline, Julia, Venetia, Bianca, Margaret Elmore, Alice, Widow Cheerly, Elvira, Amy Gilwood, Mary of Mantua, Isabel, Leonora and Parthenia. Miss Logan had much the most limited repertory of all three, and in this city rather avoided Shakespeare. Miss Dean did here play Lady Macbeth, Juliet and Cleopatra once or twice apiece, and this about sums up her Shakespearean impersonations.

It is reported that the attempts to propagate oysters artificially impregnated have at last been successful. It has heretofore been done on a small scale, but the Cold Spring, L. I., experiment, now reported as a triumph, is the first that has given promise that the bivalve shall not grow costlier as a result of consumption at home and sending abroad. Living oysters last June furnished the spawn, which was hatched in pans and then placed in tanks supplied by pumps, as well as in a tidal pond. The youngsters are very small yet, but the fish-commissioners have no reason to fear that they will fail to develop into at least Blue Points in size, and into Rockaways in saline flavor.

THIS is a week of rare importance in New York theatricals. Mary Anderson's American reappearance and Margaret Mather's debut, added to Judie's performances, Mr. Pinero's new comedy, the "Evangeline" revival, and Effie Ellsler's return as a star, go to make up a fine list of amusements for metropolitan playgoers. The season has opened so well that nearly all the managers are painting a rose-colored future. Most of them, it must be admitted, have good grounds for their hopes. Meanwhile, our correspondents' advice indicates that business throughout the circuits is much larger than at this period last season, and our route-keepers, who are an unfailing barometer of theatrical prosperity, shows us that combinations are working along with generally good results. It is particularly pleasing to us to record these facts.

"NOT MUCH."—It having been telegraphed all over the country that, in a so-called championship match between G. H. Smith and H. M. Johnson, decided in Pittsburgh last Saturday, the winner accomplished the fastest time ever made, all those who may be disposed to swallow this fresh dose from the running path without first duly seasoning it with necessary salt are reminded that, the race having been run from a flying start, the time announced, even if correct, does not form a record. As a rule, professional sprint-runners are tricky, and our route-keepers, who are an unfailing barometer of theatrical prosperity, shows us that combinations are working along with generally good results. It is particularly pleasing to us to record these facts.

It is just possible that the race-tracks may not relish the decision given by a police-justice in this city last week. It is that the purchase of a pool-ticket on a horse is not legal evidence of a transgression of the law. The purchaser must also see the horse run. It is not necessary to go into a defense of this decision. Suffice for us to say that the effect of it will be to keep pool-buyers away from racecourses in order to impart legality to their purchases.

WHIRLING WHEELMEN continue to run down the records in a way which shows their utter disregard of the lacerated feelings of the former proud owners of the figures. Champion Howell last week made a successful attack on the two-mile tri-cycle-mark, and he was followed by Amateurs Ives and Rhodes in an assault on the American bicycle-record for twenty-five miles, in which they also succeeded. Both achievements were accomplished on the Hampden Park track, already thickly strewn with cycling laurels.

A DISPUTE has raged for some time in England as to the accuracy of the system of computing cricket averages, and *The London Times* was recently egotically hoaxed by a correspondent who wrote expressing surprise at such a controversy having arisen, seeing that it could have been obviated by adopting in England an instrument recently patented in America, "which calculates bowling averages with self-evident ease and is called the 'bolometer.'"

"Bolometer" is really an instrument for calculating radiations in electricity.

SALVINI COMES ACROSS A FUNNY MAN.—

Fellow-passengers on the Normandy were Morrie Vignaux and Tom Salvini. The latter, speaking of the trip, says: "We had some funny people on board—Vignaux, the billiard-player, among others. He is a funny fellow, and took a great fancy to me. 'We are both artists,' said he. 'You in your line are as great as I am in mine.' I hope he was right." There is no doubt of it, Tom. Morrie is never left, and hence is always right.

GALL UNREFINED.—A Chicago paper has been forwarded to us that contains a more or less accurate portrait of one we have never seen, and a more or less accurate personal sketch and "business puff" of one we do not know. It is all introduced thus as a guaranty: "From THE NEW YORK CLIPPER."

No line of it ever appeared in these columns. As already remarked, we have never seen and do not know F. W. Breckle of Chicago. Whoever has forwardest a copy of the Chicago publication to us has marked it: "Gall unrefined." We shall not dispute this. It is ignorance as well. Neither the Chicago paper nor the party it puffs at our expense seems to be aware that Cook County, Ill., has a jail for cases of this kind.

It takes a long time to make a type-setting match. Messrs. McCann and Barnes have not yet come to terms. We have not even heard that there is any dispute as to terms. There is no match, at all events. Nobody can now say that it is Compositor Barnes' fault.

OTTO ROBINSON.—Both games have flaws which destroy their interest. 2. Any good work on checkers.

NO POSITION.—The sudden death of our veteran checker editor, Ira D. Sweet, as announced in our last issue, leaves us without a position for our current number. Amends will be made next week, when the conduct of our draught-columns will be resumed by Mr. J. P. Sweet, brother of the deceased, and who had preceded the latter in contributing to them, thirty years ago.

THE MATCH for the championship of England between James Smith and Andrew Jackson (no relation to our own A. J. of blessed memory) is to begin on Jan. 4 next. At last accounts, in Leeds, Eng., James Wylie had won 57 games out of 69, with 21 lost and 10 drawn. J. Bell and E. Howell had picked up the two dropped games.

THERE is nothing encouraging to report as to the prospects of the remaining eleven draughts give the difference in the blindfold-play of Arnot, Pa., is on Oct. 15 to start on a tour through portions of this State and Pennsylvania.

Solution of Position No. 30, Vol. 33.

Black. 1. 30 to 26 2. 20 to 25 3. 22 to 17 4. 25 to 22 5. 20 to 25 6. 22 to 17 7. 25 to 22 8. 20 to 25 9. 22 to 17 10. 25 to 22 11. 20 to 25 12. 22 to 17 13. 25 to 22 14. 20 to 25 15. 22 to 17 16. 25 to 22 17. 20 to 25 18. 22 to 17 19. 25 to 22 20. 20 to 25 21. 22 to 17 22. 25 to 22 23. 20 to 25 24. 22 to 17 25. 25 to 22 26. 20 to 25 27. 22 to 17 28. 25 to 22 29. 20 to 25 30. 22 to 17 31. 25 to 22 32. 20 to 25 33. 22 to 17 34. 25 to 22 35. 20 to 25 36. 22 to 17 37. 25 to 22 38. 20 to 25 39. 22 to 17 40. 25 to 22 41. 20 to 25 42. 22 to 17 43. 25 to 22 44. 20 to 25 45. 22 to 17 46. 25 to 22 47. 20 to 25 48. 22 to 17 49. 25 to 22 50. 20 to 25 51. 22 to 17 52. 25 to 22 53. 20 to 25 54. 22 to 17 55. 25 to 22 56. 20 to 25 57. 22 to 17 58. 25 to 22 59. 20 to 25 60. 22 to 17 61. 25 to 22 62. 20 to 25 63. 22 to 17 64. 25 to 22 65. 20 to 25 66. 22 to 17 67. 25 to 22 68. 20 to 25 69. 22 to 17 70. 25 to 22 71. 20 to 25 72. 22 to 17 73. 25 to 22 74. 20 to 25 75. 22 to 17 76. 25 to 22 77. 20 to 25 78. 22 to 17 79. 25 to 22 80. 20 to 25 81. 22 to 17 82. 25 to 22 83. 20 to 25 84. 22 to 17 85. 25 to 22 86. 20 to 25 87. 22 to 17 88. 25 to 22 89. 20 to 25 90. 22 to 17 91. 25 to 22 92. 20 to 25 93. 22 to 17 94. 25 to 22 95. 20 to 25 96. 22 to 17 97. 25 to 22 98. 20 to 25 99. 22 to 17 100. 25 to 22 101. 20 to 25 102. 22 to 17 103. 25 to 22 104. 20 to 25 105. 22 to 17 106. 25 to 22 107. 20 to 25 108. 22 to 17 109. 25 to 22 110. 20 to 25 111. 22 to 17 112. 25 to 22 113. 20 to 25 114. 22 to 17 115. 25 to 22 116. 20 to 25 117. 22 to 17 118. 25 to 22 119. 20 to 25 120. 22 to 17 121. 25 to 22 122. 20 to 25 123. 22 to 17 124. 25 to 22 125. 20 to 25 126. 22 to 17 127. 25 to 22 128. 20 to 25 129. 22 to 17 130. 25 to 22 131. 20 to 25 132. 22 to 17 133. 25 to 22 134. 20 to 25 135. 22 to 17 136. 25 to 22 137. 20 to 25 138. 22 to 17 139. 25 to 22 140. 20 to 25 141. 22 to 17 142. 25 to 22 143. 20 to 25 144. 22 to 17 145. 25 to 22 146. 20 to 25 147. 22 to 17 148. 25 to 22 149. 20 to 25 150. 22 to 17 151. 25 to 22 152. 20 to 25 153. 22 to 17 154. 25 to 22 155. 20 to 25 156. 22 to 17 157. 25 to 22 158. 20 to 25 159. 22 to 17 160. 25 to 22 161. 20 to 25 162. 22 to 17 163. 25 to 22 164. 20 to 25 165. 22 to 17 166. 25 to 22 167. 20 to 25 168. 22 to 17 169. 25 to 22 170. 20 to 25 171. 22 to 17 172. 25 to 22 173. 20 to 25 174. 22 to 17 175. 25 to 22 176. 20 to 25 177. 22 to 17 178. 25 to 22 179. 20 to 25 180. 22 to 17 181. 25 to 22 182. 20 to 25 183. 22 to 17 184. 25 to 22 185. 20 to 25 186. 22 to 17 187. 25 to 22 188. 20 to 25 189. 22 to 17 190. 25 to 22 191. 20 to 25 192. 22 to 17 193. 25 to 22 194. 20 to 25 195. 22 to 17

THE A. FLETCHER & RANDOLPH ANIMAL-MAN NOVELTY-BURLESQUE CO., WANTED.

HEADED BY

The Elliotts (KATIE, POLLY, ANNIE, TOM, JIM and LITTLE MATTIE), PREMIER BICYCLISTS AND UNICYCLISTS OF THE UNIVERSE

Indoubtedly and without question the strongest and most pleasing feature to be found in the whole world. Presenting at every performance their great bicycle-tournament, entitled SILVER WHEEL, OR CHASE FOR THE ROUCHE-ART, which never has been done by any other artists in America, and for the next seventeen years will not be attempted, as the act and machines are patented by Prof. J. E. Elliott, and protected by the U. S. patent laws for seventeen years. \$200 will be given to ANYONE on this continent who can stand upon the Unicycle TWO MINUTES. The salaries of the Elliotts are equal to, if not greater than, the combined salaries of any like organization traveling, and a fitting feature to head the following galaxy of Specialty and Burlesque Stars, which forms a combination certainly larger and stronger than any now in existence.

First is the universal favorite,

MR. JOE HART,The Master Banjo Comique.
First appearance in the East of the California Gems,**THE DAYS,**

DAISY AND JOHN, unrivaled sketch-artists, changing their act every performance during the week.

THE HENLEYS,

JOHN AND NELLIE, the great exponents of Spontaneous Hilarity.

HAMLIN AND HAMLIN

(Late HAMLIN AND KEELER). Comment upon their excellence as Ethiopian Delineators would be superfluous.

CUNNINGHAM AND CURRAN,

Knockabout Song-and-dance. Rough-and-tumble. Freak-your-neck. Roof-raising. Button-bursting, etc., etc.

AND THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL BURLESQUE ON GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S

MIKADO.

Many have made an effort, and doubtless an honest effort, to burlesque this brightest of all musical compositions, but dearth of specialty-artists capable of singing the difficult music, makes obvious the reason of so many failures, while the list of operatic-artists named above, guarantees a success with anything from Grand Opera to Yankee Doodle.

TIME ALL FILLED.

J. W. RANDOLPH, Manager.**S. H. SEMON, Business-manager.****CHAS. F. CROMWELL, Agent in Advance.**

THE LATEST EUROPEAN ARRIVAL. A DECIDED HIT IN NEW YORK.

George Beauchamp,

ENGLAND'S GREATEST CHARACTER COMIQUE, now appearing at the LONDON THEATRE, NEW YORK, causing roars, screams and shouts of laughter. The greatest hit of any comic-singer that has ever crossed the Atlantic. At liberty for combinations or first-class vaudeville houses. Come and see my act. Address

Care of CLIPPER or R. FITZGERALD, 10 Union square, New York.

MONDAY NEXT, OCT. 19, GRAND CENTRAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

THEY MADE A TREMENDOUS HIT! "WHO?"

FRANK B. Sheridan and FlynnTHE "BEST" AND "FUNNIEST" ROUGH IRISH SPECIALTY NOW BEFORE THE PUBLIC. Hit at the National Theatre, New York. City. Week of Oct. 5. See what MANAGER HEUMANN says: "MESSRS. SHERIDAN AND FLYNN, Irish Comedians, have concluded a very successful engagement at my house, and I cheerfully recommend same to Managers requiring their services."—MICHAEL HEUMANN.
P. S.—JAS. F. BOEY, Thanks. Wet Springs, Albany. See? Our permanent address care of CLIPPER.

THE EXPONENTS OF BLACK-FACE COMEDY,

John CORT AND MURPHY, M. J.

LONDON THEATRE, NEW YORK, THIS WEEK.

THEATRICAL TRUNKS.

Sheet-iron or Canvas-covered, Solidly Built, 28-inch, \$1.75; 32-inch, \$2.50; 36-inch, \$3.25. Our Best Theatrical Trunk, all riveted, best lock, heavy bolts, no better trunk made; 28-inch, \$1.75; 32-inch, \$2.50; 36-inch, \$3.25. MONEY REFUNDED IF TRUNK IS NOT AS REPRESENTED. Orders by mail attended to on receipt of \$1; balance C. O. D.

CENTRAL TRUNK FACTORY,

43 North Seventh street, Philadelphia, established 1864.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR

ORRIN BROTHERS'

SHOWS IN MEXICO

CAN NOW BE ADDRESSED TO

Ashland House, New York.

ONE OF THE ORRINS REMAINS IN NEW YORK.

N. B.—First-class talent of all kinds not depending on English language for success always wanted. Inclose no stamp. Consider two weeks' silence a polite negative.

Yours truly,

ORRIN BROS.

WANTED AT ONCE,

A First-class Bass and Tuba Player.

Telegraph immediately Casino Theatre,

Rochester, N. Y. G. H. BUSNEY, Manager.

SWISS BELLS FOR SALE

AT ALL TIMES, BOTH STAFF AND HAND BELL; warranted in perfect tune. For particulars send stamp to W. F. SPALDING, Neponset Post-office, Boston, Mass.

Ashten's American Theatre, Reading, Pa.

Renovated and Remodeled. Floyd Adams, Manager. Harry Jefferson, Stage-director. Male and female talent wanted at all times. Salaries moderate, but sure. Address as above.

SLIDE-TROMBONE AT LIBERTY.

SOBER AND RELIABLE. RELIABLE PARTIES AD-

DRESS W. H. JAMES, Ely, Orange Co., Vermont.

P. S.—PLEASE WRITE ME P. S. D.

WANTED, A LEADING-LADY

(TO STAR) AND FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC PEOPLE

FOR WELL-KNOWN COMPANY. ADDRESS MANAGER

MORRIS BRISTOL, PA.

FOR SALE, A PORTABLE PAINTING,

Museum front, representing curiosities of all kinds,

Door and Ticket-office; Thirty ft. by fifteen; also large

outside painting, Twenty-five ft. by three; both nearly

new, will sell for less than half cost. Apply to M. E.

KUNKLEY, 103 South street, New York.

APOLLO THEATRE,

Corner Congress and River streets,

TROY, N. Y.

TOBIN & TOOMEY, - - Lessees and Managers

CHAS. ROACH, - - Business and Stage Manager

First-class Combinations and Specialty-

artists, please address as above.

P. S.—W. H. FRIDAY AND GEORGE PHILLIPS ARE

NO LONGER CONNECTED WITH THIS THEATRE.

EIGHTH SEASON.

E. O. Rogers' Mammoth Uncle Tom's Cabin Co.

The largest dramatic organization in the world. Un-

formed Brass-band and Complete Orchestra. WANTED,

A FEW GOOD PEOPLE to complete the above company;

also, FIRST-CLASS COLORED JUBILEE-SINGERS.

State lowest salary and full particulars. Managers in

Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan send open

dates. Address FRIENDSHIP, N. Y.

WANTED,

The management of a theatre in a good single-night stand

that is good for two or three shows a week. Will rent or

work on percentage or salary. Address

QUINCY KILBY, Actors' Fund, 12 Union square, N. Y.

AT LIBERTY,

An Orchestra-leader

Address CHARLES CONNOLLY, Madison House,

230 West Madison street, Chicago.

BANJO. Bogdan.

Professional Banjo

superior to all

others in tone

and finish. "My Simplified Banjo Manual," will enable

any person to play at sight; price, \$1. "Stage dancing

Without a Master," enabling a person to learn the art of

dancing, 50c.

Send stamp for catalogue of Musical Instruments.

JOHN J. BOGAN, 27 Bowery, New York.

WANTED, FOR GLOBE COMEDY CO.,

LEADING LADY, OLD WOMAN, OLD MAN, VERY

GOOD COMEDIAN. Must be good and reliable people.

State lowest salary in first letter at once to

FL. A. R. BYRON, Waterloo, N. Y.

FOR SALE, Fine Gold-mounted Trombone.

J. Higham, maker. Will sell cheap; also ten (10) fine

band uniforms AT ALMOST ANY PRICE.

S. H. HARRIS, Washington, Washington Co., Kas.

Address DR. AL. WATTS,
World's Museum,
Boston, Mass.

TEMPLE THEATRE

AND EGYPTIAN MUSEE,

CHESTNUT STREET,
Below Eighth, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HANDSOMEST AMUSEMENT PAL-

ACE IN THE WORLD.

THE ELITE OF PHILADELPHIA THROUGH THE

BEAUTIFUL AUDITORIUM AT EVERY PER-

FORMANCE.

AN ASSURED SUCCESS!

A Few Open Dates for FIRST-

CLASS ATTRACTIONS ONLY.

Address all communications for time and terms, to

GEORGE C. BROTHERTON,

WM. S. MOORE, Proprietor and Manager,

Assistant-manager, Philadelphia, Pa.

STAGE SCENERY.

Sosman & Landis' Scenic Studio,

277 and 279 SOUTH CLARK STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

We paint more scenery than all other studios combined.

Our scenery is bright, durable and attractive. We employ

the very best artists, yet our prices are the very lowest.

Our best references are the 600 HOUSES NOW USING

OUR SCENERY. Estimates cheerfully furnished. Why

not get the best?

PATTERSON'S

STANDARD

THEATRICAL

TRUNKS

First quality, \$5; 116 rivets to each trunk (not nails).

Five years' guarantee. Second quality, \$3.50. Beware of

imitations of our ad. Hundreds of professional refer-

ences. Do not send money to irresponsible parties.

C. PATTERSON & CO., 132 Ninth street, Philadelphia,

Pa., formerly at 806 Walnut street.

FOR MUSEUMS.

A LIVING CALF WITH HUMAN FACE,

Three months' old. A big drawing card.

Also Tommy and Bright Eye, the oldest

performing birds in the country. Address

JAMES A. QUIGLEY,

P. O. Box 194, Englewood, Ill.

Aymar-Corbett Dramatic Company.

Wanted, a Few More Dramatic People

and Musicians.

State lowest terms, etc., in first letter, as company

opens November 2. Those engaged please send ad-

dresses, photos, etc.

Address JOSEPH CANTWELL, Great Western Printing

Co., 511-513 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.

N. B.—Those that have written, write again.

AMUSEMENT ADVERTISER AND MANAGER,

AT HOME RESTING.

Permanent address, P. O. Box 225,

New Haven, Ct.

The Domenic Sarli Orchestra,

WHICH HAS BEEN AT PALACE THEATRE, ST. LOUIS,

for past three years, will close there Oct. 18, and are now

open for an engagement, with full orchestra and brass

band. Refer to those who have sung or danced to their

music. Address DOMENIC SARLI, 81 North Eleventh

street, St. Louis, Mo.

"LEAVES & SHAMROCK"

IRISH MELODIES, OLD AND NEW,

FOR EITHER PIANO OR ORGAN.

"Leaves of Shamrock" is the latest and most complete

collection of the melodies of old Ireland. All the genuine

airs will be found in this book. Every son of the Emerald

Isle, and all who like the lively jigs, old tunes and pecu-

liar yet sweet melodies of Ireland, should have a copy of

this new book. Price, by mail, 50 cents. Board covers,

\$1.00. O. DITSON & CO., Boston,

and 867 Broadway, New York.

WANTED AT ONCE,

DRAMATIC PEOPLE FOR DIME COMEDY CO., SING-

ING-SOUBRETTE, COMEDIAN, who can put on farces and

trill company; also good PIANIST; week stands. Salaries

must be low. We pay board and traveling expenses; long

engagement to the right people. Send programmes, photos

and lowest terms in first letter. People must have good

stage and street wardrobe. Address

LEW WATERS, Storm Lake, Ia.

WANTED, LADIES

To Complete Stock Company at Dime Museum in Providence.

Two Singing-soubrettes, with quick study, who can

play character parts and walking-ladies. Must be young,

handsome and good dressers. Send photos and state low-

est salaries to

JNO. O'DONNELL, Manager, Providence, R. I.

New Hall--GOOD TEMPLARS' HALL.

House seats 600; stage 27 ft. deep, 50 ft. wide, 25 ft. clear

to rigging-loft or gridiron; good dressing-rooms; full set

scenery on flats. Population, 5,000; coal town; pay third

Saturday of every month. Branch P. R. R. Sta. from

Harrisburg (N. C. & R. Div.) Apply to J. FRANK FOR-

STER, manager, Lykens, Pa. Am now ready to book

good attraction for season of 1906-07.

E. M. ST. CLOUD,

PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF ST. CROIX TROUPE OF

MAGICIANS. Address all letters to me at NORTH MID-

DLETON, BOONVILLE, KY., BOX 47, until Nov. 1, 1905.

Wanted, Musicians in Brass and Orchestra.

Also SPECIALTY-PERFORMERS THAT PLAY BRASS

and Snare-drum. Address JERRY COHAN, Stage-man

ager Harrigan's Hibernal Tourist Co., Mineville, Pa.

CALLED BACK AND DARK DAYS.

The original dramatizations of these successful plays,

fine star parts, for sale, \$30. Will send by X., C. O. D.

FRANK LEO, care of Post Office, Albany, N. Y.

CARD.

HARRY MONTAGUE, having concluded to remain in Montana, Oregon, and California during the present season, offers his very successful comedy of

ANTICS FOR SALE.

—This Elegant Musical Comedy is "THE DUDE" rewritten and vastly improved. It can be played by NINE people—FOUR Ladies and FIVE Gentlemen—or by FOURTEEN people.
—With NINE people it runs FIFTY to SIXTY Minutes, and with FOURTEEN people it can easily be extended to NINETY Minutes. Introducing specialties throughout AD LIB.
—The Dialogue is PURE IN TONE and very interesting throughout, representing FUN AT LONG BRANCH in Mid-summer.
—It is in ONE ACT and FIVE SCENES—and COPYRIGHTED.
—The Exclusive RIGHT to produce this Exquisite Afterpiece in all cities EAST of the MISSISSIPPI River is now offered FOR SALE for ONE or TWO YEARS. Complete Manuscript and FULL ORCHESTRAL SCORE.
—Elegant LITHOGRAPHIC work in abundance for WALLS and WINDOW use. Electrotype, etc., thoroughly complete—OVER \$1,500 worth on hand at my PRINTERS, and ready for IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT.
—This is a splendid chance for a MANAGER with a small, First-class Vaudeville Company, as he can certainly RE-BOOK in all the Theatres and cities where "ANTICS" has already been played, because it was a GREAT SUCCESS.
—For an ENDORSEMENT of the QUALITY and ATTRACTIVENESS of this Elegant COMEDY, I would respectfully refer to the following well-known MANAGERS, at whose THEATRES I have produced "ANTICS" (or "THE DUDE"), and with great SUCCESS in each instance:
—TONY PASTOR, Esq., Pastor's Theatre, New York City.
—WM. J. GILMORE, Esq., New Central Theatre, Philadelphia.
—JAS. L. KERNAN, Esq., Monumental Theatre, Baltimore.
—COL. SNEELAKER of Washington and Buffalo.
—HARRY WILLIAMS, Esq., Academy of Music, Pittsburgh.
—JOE LANG, Esq., formerly of Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo.
—JAS. L. FENNESSEY, Esq., People's Theatre, Cincinnati.
—JOE BAYLIES, Esq., People's Theatre, Chicago.
—THOS. L. GRENIER, Esq., Lyceum Theatre, Chicago.
—WM. EMMETT, Esq., Olympic Theatre, Chicago.
—JOHN SLENSBY, Esq., Slensby's Theatre, Milwaukee.
—MESSRS. MILLER & OKEY, Grand Opera-house, Columbus, Ohio.
—PHIL J. LEHMAN, Esq., Grand Opera-house, Syracuse and Rochester, N. Y.
—MESSRS. JACOBS & PROCTOR, Grand Museum, Albany, N. Y.
—MESSRS. SPARROW & JACOBS, Theatre Royal, Montreal.
—And all the principal Managers of the PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO and INDIANA Circuit.

REFERENCES FOR ANTICS.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS
HARRY MONTAGUE.
THEATRE COMIQUE, BUTTE CITY, MONTANA.
AT HOME NEXT WEEK.
The Popularity of America's Own Greatest Show Always on the Increase.
TONY PASTOR AT EVERY PERFORMANCE
Grand Opening of New York Season Oct. 19.
JACOBS & PROCTOR'S
POPULAR THEATRES
The clamor for admission so great that we were compelled to advance prices
75, 50, 30, 20 AND 10 CENTS at our
MUSEUM, Albany, N. Y.; ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Rochester, N. Y.; GRISWOLD
OPERA-HOUSE, Troy, N. Y. JACOBS & PROCTOR, Proprietors and Managers,
THEATRE ROYAL, Montreal, P. Q.
SPARROW & JACOBS, Proprietors & Managers.
Strictly First-class Spectacular, Comedy, Opera, Melodramatic and other recog-
nized legitimate attractions, apply for open time as follows: Nov. 2, four straight
weeks; Dec. 21, four straight weeks; Jan. 4-11, Feb. 15-22, March 15, April 12-19-
26. MESSRS. JACOBS & PROCTOR, Albany, N. Y.—Main Business Office.

STAMPEDE AND JAM ALL DAY

ROBINSON'S DIME MUSEUM AND THEATRE

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

On the opening day, Wednesday, Oct. 7. This is a positive fact, and I will wager any amount that it never was known

before in the history of museums. I showed to 21,234 paid admissions from 10 A. M. until 11 P. M., and thousands were

turned away unable to get in the Museum, which is the largest in America. New Orleans in a perfect uproar of

excitement. Old knowing heads and smart ones amazed and bewildered at the ovation. You will kindly remember

that there are no strangers here now, only home people. Also, that the World Exposition does not open until Nov.

10, and then railroad fare from Nov. 1 will be one cent per mile and perhaps cheaper. I would like all Freaks, Cur-

iosities and Performers of merit to write me at once for a date. Kindly send Photo and Programme if convenient.

Yours truly,
ETIENNE ROBINSON, Manager.

ANOTHER BIG HIT AT THE LONDON THEATRE THIS WEEK OF THE EDITORS,

John CORT & MURPHY, M. J.

THE EXPONENTS OF DELINEATORS OF ORIGINAL IDEAS IN THEIR LATEST PRODUCTION.

THE TWO COMMERCIAL DRUMMERS.

Theatre Comique, Providence, next week; National Theatre, New York,

